WEEKLY VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. I.] SATURDAY, January 29, 1803. [No. 17.

THE CRIMINAL.

[*From Lost Honor: by Schiller.*]

IN the whole history of man there is no chapter more instructive for the heart and mind than the annals of his deviations. By every great crime, a power proportionally great has been exerted. When the secret operation of our desire conceals itself by the fainter light of common affections, in the state of violent passion it becomes more rampant, more gigantic, and more visible; the more penetrating observer of mankind, who knows best what dependence we ought to place on the mechanism of the common free will, and how far we are entitled to draw analogous conclusions, will transplant from this province into his pneumatology many facts, and them useful for moral life.

The human heart is something so very uniform, and, at the same time so very complex, that one and the same ability, or desire, can operate in a thousand different forms and directions; can effect a thousand inconsistent phenomena; and, can appear differently combined in a thousand characters; while, on the other hand, a thousand dissimilar characters and actions may be deduced from the same disposition, even when the person, of whom we speak, has not the least idea, that such an affinity exists. Should there a Linneus arise for the human race, as for the other realms of nature, who classified according to instincts and dispositions, how much should we be surprised to see many a one, whose vices are confined to the small sphere of common life, and circumscribed by the narrow limits of the laws, ranked in the same order with the monster Borgia.

If we consider the matter in this point of view, many objections may be made against the common method of treating history; and here also, I suppose, lies the difficulty, why the study of it has hitherto proved so little beneficial to common life. Betwixt the violent emotions in the mind of the acting person, and the calm composure of the reader, to whom this action is recounted, there exists a disagreeable contrast; there lies such an immensity of distance, that it is difficult for the latter, nay almost impossible for him, to form even an idea of a connection. There remains a chasm between the historical subject and the reader, which cuts off every possibility of a comparison or application, and, instead of exciting that salutary terror, which warns proud health, it produces only astonishment, expressed by a shake of the head. We look upon the unfortunate person, who, (in the hour that he committed the action, equally as in that in which he suffers for it,) was a human being like ourselves, as a creature of a different species, whose blood circulates otherwise than ours, and whose will is subject to other laws; his fate affects us but little, for sympathy is only founded on a remote consciousness of similar danger, and we are far from even dreaming of such a similarity. The lesson, therefore, is lost with the application, and history, instead of proving a school to enlighten, us must rest content with the pitiful merit of satisfying our curiosity. If she is to interest us more, if she is to attain her great aim, she must of necessity choose one of these two methods. The reader must either become warm as the hero, or the hero must be cold as the reader.

I know, that many of the best historians, both modern and ancient, have embraced the first method, and have engaged the hearts of their readers by an eloquent style. But this manner is an usurpation of the writer, and encroaches on the republican liberty of the reading world, who are entitled to judge for themselves; it is, at the same time, an infringement of those laws that limit the science, for this method is peculiarly and exclusively assigned to the orator and the poet. For the historian, the latter only remains.

The hero must be cold as the reader, or, what is here equally the same, we must be acquainted with him, before he acts; we must see him not only achieve his action, but see him wish to achieve it. His thoughts are much more important to us than his actions, and the springs of his thoughts still more so,

than the consequences of those actions. The soil of Vesuvius hath been investigated, in order to ascertain the origin of its conflagration; and why do we bestow less of our attention on a moral, than on a physical phenomenon? Why do we not pay the same degree of regard to the nature and situation of affairs, which environed such a person, till the collected tinder caught fire in his soul? The strange and marvellous in such a phenomenon, charms the dreamer, who delights in the wonderful. The friend of truth seeks for a mother to these lost children. He seeks her in the unalterable structure of the human soul, and in the alterable conditions which externally determine it; and, in these two, he is sure to find her. He is then no longer surprised to see the poisonous hemlock spring up in those very beds, where the most salutary herbs usually flourish in profusion, or, to find wisdom and folly, vice and virtue, in the same cradle together.

Were I even to set no value on any of the advantages, which pneumatology derives from such a method of treating history, it merits, however, a preference on this account alone, that it eradicates the cruel scorn and proud security, with which unproved standing virtue generally looks down on the fallen, as it diffuses the meek spirit of toleration, without which, no fugitive can return, no reconciliation of the law can take place, and no infected member of society can be rescued from the general contagion.

If the criminal, of whom I shall presently speak, was still entitled to appeal to that spirit of toleration; if he was really lost to the state beyond a possibility of recovery; I shall leave to the judgment of the reader. Our mercy can now be of no avail, for he died by the hand of the executioner;—but the dissection of his vice may prove a lesson to humanity, perhaps, also to justice.

Christian Wolf was the son of an innkeeper, in the country town of ******* (the name of which, from reasons, which will appear evident in the sequel, we must conceal;) he assisted his mother to carry on the business till his twentieth year, for his father was dead. The house was little frequented, and Wolf had many idle hours. From the time he was at school he had been known as a wild youth. Grown up girls complained frequently of his assurance, and the boys of the town paid homage to his inventive abilities. Nature had neglected his person. A little unseemly figure, frizzled hair of a disagreeable black color, a flat nose, and swollen upper lip, which was besides distorted by a kick of a horse, rendered his appearance so extremely repulsive, that it frightened all the women from him, and afforded inexhaustible fund of merriment to his comrades.

He wished to obtain that by defiance, which was refused him by nature; because he displeased, he resolved at pleasing. He was sensual, and persuaded himself that he was in love. The girl he chose, treated him ill; he had reason to fear that his rivals were happier; but the girl was poor. A heart that was shut to the professions of love might open to his presents; but he himself was oppressed with want, and the vain attempt to render his external agreeable, consumed the little he gained by a bad business. Too easy and too ignorant to remedy his ruined economy by speculation; too proud and too effeminate to change the state of the gentleman, in which he lived, with that of the peasant; and to renounce his boasted liberty, he only saw one resource left him, which thousands before and after him have taken with better success, the recourse to steal in an honest manner. His native town lay on the borders of one of the prince's forests. He became deer stealer, and the produce of his depredations passed faithfully into the hands of his mistress.

Amongst the lovers of Hannah, was Robert, a huntsman to the forester, who soon observing the advantage which the liberality of his rival had gained over him, sought after the cause of this change with an evil eye. He went oftener to the sun, for this was the sign of the inn; his watchful eye, sharpened by jealousy and envy, soon discovered whence this money flowed. Not long before that period, a severe edict had been revived against the deer stealers, which condemned the transgressors to bridewell. Robert was indefatigable in watching all the secret steps of his enemy, and, at last, succeeded in detecting the imprudent inn-keeper in the fact. Wolf was imprisoned, and it was with great difficulty, and not without the sacrifice of all his little property, that he obtained a commutation of his punishment.

Robert triumphed. His rival was beaten off the field, and Hannah's favor lost for the beggar. Wolf knew his enemy, and this enemy was the happy possessor of his Johanna. A galling sense of his own want, joined to injured pride, poverty and jealousy combined, break in upon his sensibility, hunger drives him on the wide world, revenge and passion rivet him to the spot. He again became a deer stealer; but Robert's redoubled vigilance entraps him a second time. Now he experiences the full severity of the law, for he has nothing more to give; and, in a few weeks, he is delivered over to the bridewell of the capital.

The year of punishment is endured, his passion had grown by absence, and his obstinacy had risen under the pressure of misfortune. Scarce had he obtained his liberty, when he hastened to his native place to show himself to his Johanna. He appears, but is avoided. Pressing want, at last, humbled his pride, and got the better of his effeminacy. He offers himself as a day-laborer to the rich of the place; the husbandman looks with contempt on the weak effeminate wretch; the muscular appearance of his sturdy rival bears off the preference by this unfeeling patron. He makes a last attempt. A place is still vacant; the last lost appointment of an honest name—he applies to be made town's-herdsman, but the peasant will not trust his swine to a profligate. In all his plans disappointed, every where repulsed, he became, for the third time, deer stealer, and, for the third time, was unlucky enough to fall into the hands of his vigilant enemy.

This second relapse aggravated his guilt. The judges looked into the book of laws, but none of them read the state of mind of the accused. The edict against the deer stealers required a solemn and striking example; and Wolf was condemned, with the sign of the gallows burnt on his back, to work three years in the fortress.

(To be continued.)

DESCRIPTION OF THE NIAGARA FALLS.

[An extract from M. Talcott's observations relative to the western parts of Pennsylvania.]

THIS stupendous cataract of water infinitely excels all other natural curiosities of the country, and exhibits a spectacle scarce equalled in grandeur by any object in the physical world. Lake Erie is situated upon one of those horizontal strata in a region elevated about three hundred feet above the country which contains Lake Ontario. The descent which separates the two countries, is in some places almost perpendicular, and the immense declivity formed by these strata occasions both the cataract of Niagara and the great falls of Chenesco. This remarkable precipice generally runs in a south-western direction from a place near the Bay of Toronto on the northern side of Ontario, round the western angle of the Lake; from thence it continues its course generally in an eastern direction, crossing the strait of Niagara and the Chenesco River, till it is lost in the country towards the Seneca Lake.

The waters of this cataract formerly fell from the northern side of the slope, near the landing place; but the action of such a tremendous column of water falling from such an eminence, through a long succession of ages, has worn away the solid stone for the distance of seven miles, and formed an immense chasm which cannot be approached without horror. In ascending the road from the landing to Fort Slauser, the eye is continually engaged in the contemplation of the awful and romantic scenes which present themselves, till the transcendent magnificence of the falls is displayed to view, the imagination is then forcibly arrested, and the spectator is lost in silent admiration! Down this awful chasm the waters are precipitated with amazing velocity, after they make the great pitch; and such a vast torrent of falling water communicates a tremulous motion to the earth, which is sensibly felt for some poles round, and produces a sound which is frequently heard at the distance of twenty miles. Many wild beasts that attempt to cross the rapids above this great cataract, are destroyed; and if geese or ducks inadvertently alight in these rapids, they are incapable of rising upon the wing again, and are hurried on to inevitable destruction.

The great height of the banks renders the descent into the chasm extremely difficult; but a person, after having descended, may easily proceed to the base of the falls; and a number of persons may walk in perfect safety a considerable distance between the precipice and the descending torrent, where conversation is not much interrupted by the noise, which is not so great here as at some distance. A vapor or spray of considerable density, resembling a cloud continually ascends, in which a rainbow is always seen when the sun shines, and the position of the spectator is favorable. In the winter this spray attaches itself to the trees, where it is congealed in such quantities as to divest them of their smaller branches, and produces a most beautiful chrystalline appearance; a circumstance which attends the falls of Cheneseco, as well as those of Niagara.

A singular appearance is observed at these falls, which has never perhaps been noticed by any writer. Immediately below the great pitch a commixture of foam and water is puffed up in spherical figures, about the size of a common haycock. They burst at the top, and discharge a column of spray to a prodigious height; they then subside, and are succeeded by others, which exhibit the same appearances. These spherical forms are most conspicuous about midway between the west side of the straight and the island which divides the falls, and where the largest column of water decends. This appearance is produced by the ascension of the air, which is carried down by the column of falling water in great quantities to the bed of the river.

The river at the falls is about seven hundred and forty-three yards wide, and the perpendicular pitch is one hundred and fifty feet in height. In the last half mile, immediately above the falls, the descent of the water is fifty-eight feet; but the difficulty which would attend the business, prevented me from attempting to level the rapids in the chasm below; though, from conjecture, I concluded that the waters must descend at least sixty-five feet; and from these results it appears that the water falls about two hundred and seventy-three feet, in the distance of about seven miles and an half.

HOW TO BRING UP CHILDREN.

To Parents, Guardians, &c.

IF your children should be of the unruly sort, fail not perpetually admonishing them with threats, but be sure never to carry them into execution, lest you should by any means harden them. If they should cry for any thing which comes before them, remonstrate with them, and tell them it is not good for them; if they desist, it is well; if not, you have nothing more to do than to bid them be good, and grant them their desire, as such a mode of proceeding will ensure obedience to your commands for the future. Have a nursery, but never suffer them to be in it, as there would be a danger of their contracting the ill habits of the servants. If they cry for a picture hanging up, or for any ornament, let them have it, remembering they are but children, and therefore, must be amused:——If they break it, what signifies? If only denotes your affection for them in having suffered them first to have it. Never rebuke them supposing they should speak in an austere, haughty style to the servants, as that will tend to show their superiority. Whenever you have company, let them be present; and if they should be noisy and troublesome, you have this consolation, that other people's children are as bad.

INSCRIPTION ON A SIGN BOARD.

By a Watchmaker at Oxford, Eng.

HERE are fabricated and renovated, trochiliac horologies, portable and permanent, linguaculus or taciturnal; whose circumgirations are performed by internal spiral elastic or extensive pendulous plumbages; diminutives, simple or compound, invested with aurent or argent integuments.

A little country lad being sent to church, the first Sunday after he came to town, was particularly asked (when he came home,) what the parson said. The text being taking from these words, 'Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish;' he replied, with the utmost simplicity, 'Why the parson says, that 'Except you pay your *rent*, you will all go to the *parish*.'

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR.

TO L. A.

Dear Sir,

HA! HA! HA! I thought I should have expired with laughing when the Visitor of last week was handed me. The first thing that met my attention was your advertisement for a wife. This is none else said I to my friend *Jane*, than an *old Bachelor*, as sure as fate he has been disappointed, and now resorts to this method to obtain an help-mate. I have half a mind to offer him my services, and if he should accept the invitation, why I may always get off, by some stratagem or other, that is, if his person and manners should not please,—but who knows, he may make a good husband.—She who has caused him thus to wander may have been some prudish, coquettish thing or other; and at this very moment may be doing *penance* for her cruelty. Nay, but Harriot, would you be so masculine, said my friend, as to answer him through the medium of a paper? Make enquiry first, and learn if possible his name, address, *&c. &c. &c.* The printers may be polite enough to you, as a female, should you ask them, to favor you with all those particulars concerning him, which may answer your purpose equally well with that of a paper correspondence. And not only that, but your feelings will be spared the disagreeable encounter of hearing it asked, what female can this be, who can so far deviate from the dignity due to her sex, as to *court* her intended through so public a channel as a paper? He must be a knowing one, says *Eliza*. He intends by this artifice to entrap some of our sex. Quiz him a little first, said *Catharine*, cause him to lay prostrate at your feet before you believe one word of what he has been relating; see him in all the agonies of despair before you let him discover in your looks or manners the least sympathy for his situation; I know full well how to manage these matters, and should he really upon your first interview, like you, he will think nothing of surrendering up himself to please.

These kind of arguments had almost induced me to lay by my pen for the purpose of hearing a little more, but then, says my friend *Caroline*, would you, to gratify the *old maidish* humors of those girls, yield up your own opinion; show yourself independent, and that you have an *idea* as well as themselves; tell them you guess you know as much of the world as they do, and that "men and manners" have been your study while they have been flirting about, and that you have not been backward in "shooting folly as it flies."

These kind of arguments of my friend *Caroline* were supported by several others, whose opinions are very respectable. In short I had to summon into action all my resolution, which by the bye is not a little, to encounter their various conjectures as to the consequences that might attend my *entre*. Having pondered well their observations I made them this reply: My dear girls, you may say what you please on the subject, all your arguments to dissuade me will prove ineffectual, I am determined to see of what materials this Mr. L. A. is formed, and whether he is capable of making WOMAN "the last best gift of Heaven" happy.—With this resolution, Sir, I now address you, persuaded, that after an interview you will be pleased. It has ever been my way never to make a long *parley* about that which, in a few moments and as few words can be explained. Now to the subject. You want a wife, and should she prove deficient in half the qualifications demanded in your advertisement, yet you would not refuse her, this being a position clearly to be demonstrated from the tener of your letter, I now tell you that the subscriber can boast of many of the requisites you so earnestly seek after in your address.—My *nose* is of a good proportion, neither too large nor too small—I breathe perfectly easy; on the score of *snoring* you have nothing to apprehend—my eyes are black, and see keen enough to discover an imposter—you detest yellow or white hair, in this particular I am certain to please, mine being *brown*, and to be fashionable have lately been *cropped:* wigs, or frizets, as best answer my purpose, are by me alternately worn. In short, there is nothing you can mention, to make the kind Mr. L. A. happy, but is possessed by me. These lines are now to be submitted to a circle of ladies with whom I am most intimate, they will endeavor to intercept our meeting, but they can never succeed; like a true woman, I will never be reasoned out of my opinion if once formed on reflection.

HARRIOT HASTY.

ADVICE TO HUSBANDS.

COULD that kind of love be kept alive, through the marriage state, which makes the charms of a single one, the sovereign good would no longer be to be sought for: in the union of two faithful lovers it would be found. But reason shows us that it is impossible; and experience informs us that it ever must be so: we must preserve it as long, and apply it as happily, as we can.

When your present violence of passion, however, subsides, and a mere cool and tranquil affection takes its place, be not hasty to censure yourselves as indifferent, or to lament yourself as unhappy: you have lost only that which it was impossible to retain; and it were graceless, amidst the pleasures of a prosperous summer, to regret the blossoms of a transient spring. Neither unwarily condemn your bride's insipidity, till you have recollected, that no object however sublime—no sound, however charming—can continue to transport us with delight, when they no longer strike us with novelty.—The skill to renovate the powers of pleasing, is said, indeed, to be possessed by some women in an eminent degree; but the artifices of maturity are seldom seen to adorn the innocence of youth: you have made your choice, and you ought to approve of it.

Satiety follows quick upon the heels of possession; and, to be happy, we must always have something in view. The person of your lady is already your own, and will not grow more pleasing in your eyes, I doubt, though the rest of your sex will think her handsome for these dozen years. Turn, therefore, all your attention to her mind, which will daily grow brighter by polishing. Study some easy science together, and acquire a similarity of tastes, while you enjoy a community of pleasures. You will, by these means, have many images in common, and be freed from the necessity of separating to find amusement. Nothing is so dangerous to wedded love as the possibility of either being happy out of the company of the other: endeavor, therefore, to cement the present intimacy on every side; let your wife never be kept ignorant of your income, your expences, your friendships or aversions; let her know your very faults, but make them amiable by your virtues; consider all concealment as a breach of

fidelity: let her never have any thing to find out in your character, and remember, that, from the moment one of the partners turns spy on the other, they have commenced hostility.

Seek not happiness in singularity, and dread a refinement of wisdom as a deviation into folly. Listen not to those sages who advise you always to scorn the counsel of a woman, and, if you comply with her requests, pronounce you to be wife-ridden. Think not any privation, except of positive evil, an excellence, and do not congratulate yourself that your wife is not a learned lady, that she never touches a card, or is wholly ignorant how to make a pudding. Cards, cookery, and learning, are all good in their places, and may be used with advantage.

I said that the person of your lady would not grow more pleasing to you; but, pray, let her never suspect that it grows less so. That a woman will pardon an affront to her understanding much sooner than to her person, is well known; nor will any of us contradict the assertion. All our attainments, all our arts, are employed to gain and keep the heart of man; and what mortification can exceed the disappointment, if the end is not obtained? There is no reproof, however pointed—no punishment, however severe—that a woman of spirit will not prefer to neglect; and if she can endure it without complaint, it only proves that she means to make herself amends, by the attention of others, for the slights of her husband. For this, and for every reason, it behoves a married man not to let his politeness fail, though his ardor may abate; but to retain, at least, that general civility towards his own lady which he is so willing to pay to every other, and not show his wife that every man in company can treat her with more complaisance than he who so often vowed to her eternal fondness.

It is not my opinion that a young woman should be indulged in every wild wish of her gay heart or giddy head; but contradictions may be softened by domestic kindness, and quiet pleasures substituted in the place of noisy ones. Public amusements are not, indeed, so expensive as is sometimes imagined; but they tend to alienate the minds of married people from each other. A well-chosen society of friends and acquaintances, more eminent for virtue and good sense than gaiety and splendor, where the conversation of the day may afford comment for the evening, seems the most rational pleasure we can enjoy; and to this, a game at cards, now and then, gives an additional relish.

A word or two on jealousy may not be amiss; for, though not a failing of the present age's growth, yet the seeds of it are too certainly sown in every bosom for us to neglect it as a fault of no consequence. If you are ever tempted to be jealous, watch your wife narrowly, but never teaze her; tell your jealousy, but conceal your suspicion; let her, in short, be satisfied that it is only your odd temper, and even troublesome attachment, that makes you follow her; but let her not dream that you ever doubted seriously of her virtue, even for a moment. If she is disposed towards jealousy of you, let me beseech you to be always explicit with her, and never mysterious; be above delighting in her pain; nor do your business, nor pay your visits, with an air of concealment, when all you are doing might as well be proclaimed.

FEMALE HEROISM.

THE widow of Camille Desmoulins, young, amiable, and well informed, during the mock process which condemned her to death as an accomplice of her husband and his friend, loathing life, and anxious to follow her husband, displayed a firmness of mind that was seen with admiration even by her judges. She frequently heard the questions put to her with a smile expressive of her conscious dignity. When she heard the sentence pronounced, she exclaimed, "I shall then in a few hours again meet my husband!" And then turning to her judges, she said, "In departing from this world, in which nothing now remains to engage my affections, I am less the object of pity than you are; for you must feel all the unhappiness inflicted by conscious crimes, till the moment when an ignominious death shall overtake you."

Previous to her going to the scaffold, she dressed herself with uncommon attention and taste. Her head dress was peculiarly elegant; a white gauze handkerchief, partly covering her beautiful black hair, added to the clearness and brilliancy of her complexion. On seeing her ascend the cart that conveyed her to the place of execution, one might almost have supposed, from her happy countenance, that she was going to a festival. On the road she conversed in a cheerful manner with a young man who sat beside her, and who was also condemned to die. Being come to the foot of the scaffold, she ascended the steps with resignation, and even unaffected pleasure. She received the fatal blow without appearing to regard what the executioner was doing.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, *January* 29, 1803.

For the accommodation of literary correspondents, a box for the reception of letters is placed at the gate-way to the office of the VISITOR, No. 90, William-Street, where communications will be thankfully received.

At the request of "The Society for the Relief of Poor Widows with Small Children," a Sermon will be preached by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Moore, on Sabbath Evening next, in Trinity Church—and a Collection made for the relief of the indigent under the Society's care.

The revenue officers of New-Jersey, some time since, (says an Elizabethtown paper) made seizure of a sloop, together with a considerable quantity of rum, supposing the conduct of the master and hands on board to have been illegal. The trial was held last week at New-Brunswick; in the course of examination of witnesses, one of essential consequence in behalf of the state, was missing. The officers of the Revenue Cutter were informed, that the witness required had just entered on board a vessel bound to South River—they immediately proceeded after and soon came up with her—hailed, ordered her to heave too, related the cause of their pursuit, &c. Discovering no disposition in the hands on board the vessel to regard their orders, fired upon them; the consequence of which was, Mr. Samuel Marsh received a wound of which he has since died. The foregoing we have stated agreeable to common report.

SOUTH-CAROLINA BANK.

Charleston, Jan. 10.

A plan of a most daring nature to rob the vaults of this bank, was discovered during the night of Friday last and on Saturday morning. About three weeks ago, a corporal of the city guard informed the porter of the bank, that while standing at the corner of the bank, he heard a noise as of some person working under ground or in the bank. Mr. Harvey the deputy-sheriff, having heard the same noise gave the like information, but on examination nothing of the kind being discovered, it was thought no more of; but on Friday night about 11 o'clock, Mr. M'Neil and his clerks, who live at the corner opposite the bank, observing a man lurking about the pavement next to the bank wall, who frequently stooped down to the pavement as if in the act of listening; struck by his conduct they went out, when the man made off. On examining the pavement, they found a brick loose and out of its place, supposing that this was the beginning of an attempt, they gave no alarm that night; in the morning the place was again looked at, when the brick was found in its place and some fresh earth spread over it. On taking up this brick it was discovered that the earth below was taken away or had caved in. On digging a little way down a large vacancy was discovered, and some provision seen lying at the bottom, also some tools by which the excavation had been made. Immediately after, the legs of a man were seen who appeared to be desirous of retreating to the drain in the street, but was prevented, the earth that had fallen in having blocked up the passage. Convinced that he could not escape, he told those at work to *unearth* him, that if they would stop he would deliver himself up, this being assented to, he came up, was apprehended and immediately committed to jail. On examination his name is found to be William Weathers, that he came to this city about a year past from the state of Kentucky, that he had brought some horses, which he had disposed of and spent the money. It is also known, that during the last summer, he was very sick in this city, and being destitute of money, he had been obliged to lay in the Hay-Market, on South-Bay, he was there seen by a benevolent gentleman of this city, who had him removed to his house, had medical assistance given, and supported him until his recovery, he then suddenly disappeared; it is supposed he then began the nefarious business he was detected in. He says, that he entered the public drain of Church-street, near the French church, on the 10th of October last and that he had been under ground ever since; but from appearance, it is believed he had progressed from the grating, which is in the intersection of Broad and Church-streets. At any rate he had worked through the palisade wall, and through the foundation of the Bank, the latter of which is three feet and a half thick; this brought him to the wood cellar; a considerable quantity of wood, here, prevented his progress to the vaults; but it is believed, that had he not been discovered, he would have found means to remove this. He owns, which cannot be doubted, that he has accomplices.—On Saturday, a man named William Butner, was apprehended about eight miles from the city; he is the man Mr. M'Neil and his clerks saw.

Jan. 19.

On Monday last, the trial of William Weathers and William Butner came on in the court of sessions, charged with an attempt to rob the South-Carolina bank. As no person lived in the bank house, the attorney-general could only indict them for a misdemeanor. The trial took up upwards of eight hours; the jury remained out for a considerable time on Monday night, and yesterday morning returned a verdict of William Weathers, guilty; William Butner, not guilty. We understand that an arrest of judgment will be moved in favor of Weathers, on the ground that the verdict is contrary to law.

Abner Robinson, who was apprehended on suspicion of being an accomplice, was discharged, nothing having appeared against him on which an indictment could be founded.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N. YORK.

The city clerk reports the death of 35 persons during the week ending on the 23d inst. viz. of Small Pox 2—Consumption 7—Sudden 1—Fits 4—Hives 3—Fever 1—Old Age 2—Debility 1—Burnt 2—Cholic 1—Whooping-cough 1—Phthisis 1—Pleurisy 2—Suicide 1—Dysentery 1—and of diseases not mentioned 5—Of the whole number, 20 were adults, and 15 children.

A letter from Washington, dated the 17th inst. says—"In consequence of a negociation being set on foot, respecting Louisiana, the Spanish Minister, resident near the United States, sent off peremptory instructions, this day, to the Intendant of New-Orleans, directing him to restore to the citizens of the United States the right of Deposit forthwith."

London, Nov. 20, 1802.

An attempt was to have been made on the life of his Majesty, on his way to the Parliament House on Tuesday. In this horrid undertaking, they were to be joined by 2000 of the poor of Spitalfields, and about the same number from St. George's Fields, &c. in the whole 10,000 men. The attempt on his majesty was only intended as the first scene in this frightful tragedy; and it is said, that having succeeded in that, it was their farther plan to seize the Tower, where having armed themselves, they meant to return, and take possession of the Bank; from thence they were to proceed to Buckingham-house, and seize the rest of the Royal Family resident there.—It is expected that a special commission will be immediately issued for the trial of the offenders.

London, November 26, 1802.

A letter from Dover, of the 24th inst. gives the following additional particulars of the loss of the Dutch ship Verdeg—"She drove on shore upon Dymechurch Wall, about three miles to the westward of Hythe, and went to pieces, she being an old crazy ship, almost immediately. The scene at the moment she went to pieces, was agonizing beyond the power of words to describe. The following list of the crew is taken from one of the survivors:

Soldiers,	320
Officers,	42
Seamen,	61
Women,	201
Children,	7
Passengers,	29
Total,	470

of whom, lamentable to relate, only eighteen were saved, and the greatest part of them are dreadfully maimed and bruised. About two hundred of the bodies have been picked up along shore. Not an officer was saved.

THEATRICAL REGISTER

FOR 1803.

FRIDAY, JAN. 21.

LIBERAL OPINIONS; *T. Dibdin*, and WHEEL OF TRUTH; *James Fennell*.

Mr. *Dibdin's* play brought forward this evening for the first time, is a whimsical and highly entertaining Drama, but will never be permitted to rank with legitimate Comedy. The Characters, and the cast are as follow:

Old Liberal,	Mr. Hogg.
Frank Liberal,	—— Hodgkinson.
Ephraim,	—— Jefferson.
Counsellor Friendly,	—— Tyler.
Mildmay,	—— Martin.
John Grouse,	—— Johnson.
Chevy Chase,	—— Hallam jun.
Parchment,	—— Hallam.
Landlord,	—— Prigmore.
Touch, Tap, Take, (Bailiffs.)	—— Shapter.
	—— Robinson.
	—— Macdonald.
Mrs. Howard,	Mrs. Jefferson.
Marian,	—— Johnson.
Miss Liberal,	—— Brett.
Fanny Liberal,	—— Hodgkinson.
Rachel,	—— Hogg.
Jenny,	Miss Hogg.

We cannot give a clearer account of the Fable of this piece than the following, extracted from the *Dramatic Censor*, published in London.

"*Mr. Liberal* is a gentleman brought up to the profession of the law, but of a very benevolent and expanded disposition, who wishes to render his family, and all with whom he is acquainted, happy. He has a maiden cousin, *Lucretia Liberal*, who resides in the house, and subjects him entirely to her control, by presuming on her fortune, which she, whenever *Mr. Liberal* opposes her intentions, threatens to bequeath out of the family. Of his two children, *Frank* and *Fanny*, the former is an illegitimate son. *Liberal*, however, makes no distinction between them, but treats his son with the same parental care and solicitude, as if he had been the offspring of a legal union.

Lucretia, with whom happiness and wealth are synonimous terms, concerts a match between *Fanny* and an illiterate, ill-mannered country Squire of the name of *Chace*. *Fanny*, however, has previously disposed of her heart to *Mildmay*, who, on a former occasion, had risked his life in protecting her from the insults of a ruffian. *Mildmay* is the intimate friend of her brother *Frank*; in whose company he comes down into the country to escape the pursuit of bailiffs. *Frank*, ignorant of *Mildmay's* passion for his sister, introduces that gentleman into his father's house, which leads to an interview between *Mildmay* and his mistress. The lovers are surprised in a tete-a-tete, which incenses *Lucretia* to such a degree (as she justly attributes *Fanny's* refusal of *Squire Chace* to her predilection for *Mildmay*), that she resolves to confine her to her chamber, till she consents to marry the Squire. *Jenny* overhears and frustrates this design, by putting *Fanny* in possession of the key of her intended prison, and the young mistress and maid make their escape in male attire. By one of those strange coincidences so seldom met with in actual life; but so common in plays and novels, it happens that the ladies equip themselves in a dress exactly similar to that worn by *Mildmay*. This involves the bailiffs, in pursuit of the latter, in a very singular dilemma, which is rendered more perplexing, in consequence of *Frank* having exchanged coats with *Mildmay*. The bailiffs, three in number, after laying a wager on the event of their search, take different routs, and each falling in with one of the three disguised adventurers, whom he arrests, fancies himself the winner. An explanation however, soon convinces them that they are all three equally in the wrong.

This constitutes the comic part of the play; the graver scenes hinge on the distress entailed upon a virtuous family by the unjust will of a deceased relative. *Mrs. Howard*, reduced by poverty and sickness, disposes of the wardrobe of her uncle to a Jew, in the neighborhood, named *Ephraim*.

Soon after this transaction *Counsellor Friendly* arrives from London with the welcome intelligence that she has not been overlooked in her uncle's will as she imagined; no less a sum than £10,000 bequeathed to her by that uncle, being concealed in the lining of his drab-colored coat. Unfortunately this very coat forms a part of the wardrobe she had that morning sold to *Ephraim*. She discloses the circumstance to *Counsellor Friendly*, who instantly hurries off to *Ephraim's* lodgings, in hopes of recovering the property.

Mean while *Frank Liberal* waits upon *Ephraim*, to negotiate a loan for the immediate relief of his friend *Mildmay*. Whilst he is concluding the bargain, he hears the voice of *Lucretia* coming up stairs. Eager to avoid her, he snatches up the money, and conceals himself in a recess, in which *Ephraim* has deposited the cloaths he purchased of *Mrs. Howard*. *Frank*, who is represented as a whimsical eccentric character, overhearing *Lucretia* discourse about her late uncle and his favorite drab coat, equips himself in the dress of the deceased, and thus accoutred marches across the stage, to the great astonishment and dismay of *Lucretia*, who mistakes him for her uncle's ghost. Unluckily, with his own coat, he leaves behind him the money he had borrowed from *Ephraim*, for the accommodation of *Mildmay*, whom he meets in imminent danger of falling into the clutches of the bailiffs. *Frank* exchanges coats with his friend, who, under his new disguise, effects his escape, whilst *Frank* himself, with *Fanny Liberal* and *Jenny*, as we have already related, are severally arrested by the officers.

Ephraim having, prior to *Frank's* frolic, discovered the £10,000. sewed up in the lining of his newly-purchased drab-coat, very honorably returns it to *Mrs. Howard*. *Counsellor Friendly* produces a will, made by *Mrs. Howard's* uncle, subsequent to that which bequeathed a legacy of £20,000. to *Lucretia*, by virtue of which that donation is revoked, and devised to *Mrs. Howard*, whose adversities are now terminated. *Frank* espouses her daughter *Mariana*; and *Fanny Liberal* is made happy in her union with *Mildmay*. All parties are pleased, except the old maid, whose disappointments multiply, in the same proportion as the felicity of the rest of the *Dramatis Personæ* is increased."

MONDAY, JAN. 24.

LIBERAL OPINIONS; *T. Dibdin*, and ROBIN HOOD.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 26.

LIBERAL OPINIONS; *T. Dibdin*, and HIGHLAND REEL; *O'Keeffe*.

We understand the "VOICE OF NATURE" is in preparation. If this play answers the character given of it in the London prints, it will probably be the *favorite* of the Season.

HAIL WEDDED LOVE! NO LIBERTY CAN PROVE,
SO SWEET AS BONDAGE WITH THE WIFE WE LOVE.

Marriages.

On Saturday evening, Mr. Van Beuren, to Miss Jane Ellie, both of this city.

On Tuesday evening, Mr. Henry Traphagen, Principal of Columbia Academy, (N.J.) to Miss Eleanor Van Vorst, both of Bergen.

On the 17th inst. Mr. Thomas Hilson, to Miss Jane Wilson.

At Newburyport, Mr. Joseph Rappall, to Miss Ruth Muchmore.

At Savannah, on the 30th ult. Mr. Samuel H. Stackhouse, merchant, formerly of this city, to Miss Mary Hills.

Deaths.

On Tuesday evening, after a few days illness, George Hunter, auctioneer, of this city.

At East-Chester, on the 20th inst. Mr. John Alstine, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city.

At Esopus, on the 13th inst. in the 83d year of his age, Evert Bancker, formerly Speaker of the House of Assembly of this state.

THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, will be presented,

A Comedy, called,

FIRST LOVE,

OR, THE FRENCH EMIGRANT.

To which will be added, a celebrated Pantomime, called

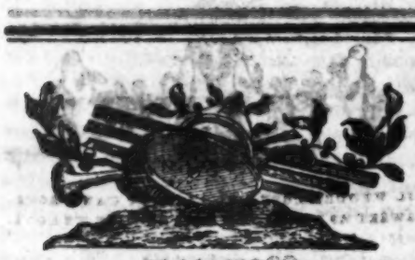
GIL BLAS.

On Monday, January 31 will be presented,

A Tragedy, called,

RIBBEMONT,

OR, THE FEUDAL BARON.



THE LOVER'S SOLILOQUY.

Love conquers all, and we must yield to love.

Virgil.

IT must be so——Virgil thou reason'st well;
Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This ardent longing for a gentle help-mate?
Or whence this secret dread, this deep dislike
Of suffering a repulse? Why shrinks the mind
Back on itself, and fears a disappointment?
'Tis Love's Divinity that stirs within us,
'Tis Cupid's self points out a social life,
And intimates connubial leagues to man——
Connubial leagues! delightful, anxious thought,
Extensive theme, where contemplation roves
At will, and wanders on from doubt to doubt,
Nor finds a clue to guide her wilder'd way.
Here will I hold! if sex were made for sex.
(And that they were, all nations cry aloud
With one consent) Virtue delights in marriage,
And that which she delights in must be happy.
But when or where? A single life deceives us,
Holds out false joys, and gives us thorns for roses.
I'm weary of conjectures; this must end them.
[*Holds up a Ring.*
Thus am I doubly arm'd, fetters and freedom,
Husband and bachelor are both before me:
The former promises unceasing pleasure,
The latter whispers—Pleasure flies with freedom.
Banish the thought! The soul at ease reposes
On love's soft plumes, and fearless of the future,
Wings its unerring way where Hymen stands,
His torches lighted, and his train attending:
No more I doubt; the sight invigorates
My drooping thoughts, and fires my ardent senses!
Gay youth shall vanish soon, each jovial scene
Shall lose its relish, and the vacant soul
Sated shall own—I have no pleasure in them;
But love, by Hymen sanction'd, still shall flourish,
Shall glow thro' youth, and warm the frost of age.
With vigor not its own, nor sink at last
Till death's chill dart shall pierce the quivering breast.

A GERMAN poet begins what he calls an *Epic Poem* thus—"The Sun is a great fire, the Rainbow the fender, and a Tempest the mere puff of a volcanic pair of bellows.

PITY'S TEAR.

WHAT falls so sweet on summer flow'rs
As soft, refreshing, tepid show'rs?
What bids the bud its sweets exhale,
Like ev'ning's mildly whisp'ring gale?
Yet sweeter, more delicious far,
And brighter than the brightest star
Decking the intellectual spheres....
Is Pity's meek and balmy tear!

What bids Despair her arrows hide?
What checks Affliction's towring tide?
What heals the wound of mental pain,
And soothes the fev'rish, throbbing brain?
What calms the rage of jealous pride,
And bids the rending pang subside?
Lulling to rest distrust and fear....
Soft Pity's kind and holy tear.

Yet not that Pity form'd to give
A pang, which bids affliction live;
Not Pity that, taunting, shows
Superior pride untouch'd by woes:
Not Pity that, with haughty smile,
Consoles, and murders all the while;
But Pity which is form'd to prove
The bond of faith....the test of love.

THE WHEEL-BARROW.

WITH a big bottle nose and an acre of chin,
His whole physiognomy frightful as sin;
With a huge frizzled wig and triangular hat,
And a snuff-besmear'd handkerchief tied over that;
Doctor Boss, riding out on his fierce Rosinante,
(In his hair very rich, but of flesh very scanty)
Was a little alarm'd, through a zeal for his bones,
Seeing Hodge cross the road with a barrow of stones.
Hip! Friend! roar'd the Doctor, with no little force,
Prithee set down your barrow, 'twill frighten my horse!
Hodge as quickly replied as an *Erskine* or *Garrow*,
"*You're a d—'d deal more likely to frighten my barrow.*"

In the *Otsego Herald*, a physician calls on his debtors for payment in the following curious manner.

Says Doctor Gott, 'I'll tell you what,'
I'm call'd on hot, To pay my shot,
And may I rot If I do not:
But I cannot; Unless 'tis got,
For jog and trot From spot to spot,
So ev'ry jot That's due to Gott,
For Pill or Bot-tle, Salve or Cot
All round the Ot SEGONIAN Plot;
Whether begot of Teague or Scot,
Or from the Mot ley race of LOT,
Sober or Sot, Yankey or not;
Must soon be shot, Into my pot;
Or else, I wot, They'll smell it hot,
Or they may blot Nathaniel Gott.

JUST PUBLISHED
by Ming & Young,
THE
NEW-YORK POCKET ALMANAC,
For 1803—containing,
Astronomical calculations—Government Officers of the U. States—do. of the State of N. York—Charter officers of the cities of N. York, Albany, and Hudson—Duties on imports—Officers of the principal Societies in the city of N. Y.—Directors of the Banks in N. York, Albany, and Hudson—Times of holding U. S. Courts—Times of holding Courts in the State of N. York—Money Tables—Gauging Table—Post days at N. York—Table of Roads, &c. &c.——
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⁂ A few copies will be bound in a pocket-book manner.

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Respectfully informs the public, that he executes Painting and Glazing with neatness and dispatch, at his shop, No. 7, Jacob-Street.

N. SMITH,
Chemical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair-Powder and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose, 14 doors from the Fly-Market, up Maiden-Lane, in Liberty-Street, No. 6, New-York.
Among all the innocent, salutary, and perfectly efficacious Cosmetics of Smith's preparing, improved chemical Milk of Roses, or Beauty's Preservative, holds the most distinguished rank, and is fanned at every toilet of fashion in London, and, from the great demand, will soon be so in America. That the public may no longer be imposed on by the trash under that name, Smith is determined not to sell any without his seal and name on the bottle in copperplate, warranted genuine, or taken back and the money returned. It is likewise of so innocent a nature, it might be used internally, in the most infant state, it being truly deserving of the many impartial recommendations it hourly merits from the first of families, owing to the many excellent qualities which it possesses above any thing of the kind ever discovered. No wash was ever known to purify the skin equal to this. It cleans and preserves the most delicate complexion, keeps the lustre of beauty to extreme old age, makes the reddest and brownest skin fair and white, unblemished by wrinkles, pimples, tan, morphews, and every other deformity of the skin. It is exceeding fine for gentlemen to use after shaving, as it heals and takes off all smarting of the soap, and renders the face smooth and comfortable. Sold with printed directions, 6s. per bottle, small do. 3s. Ladies that take the Milk of Roses by the quart will have an abatement. Smith would just mention, that his chemical milk of roses was highly recommended by many of the gentlemen of the faculty, who have taken the trouble to analize this wash, and express their wonder that a thing so innocent should have such an immediate effect upon the skin.

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